



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man

GALLOWAY CATTLE.
We believe we are almost the only friend of the Scotch race of cattle, called Galloway, (sometimes called "polled" or no horns), that they have in Maine. At any rate, neither the cattle nor the friends of them are very plenty among us. At our suggestion the Trustees of the State Society, willing to encourage the breeding of all useful animals in the State, very readily made a class of them in their list of premiums. A few were exhibited but they had to take a by-corner of the field, and the committee who examined them, and awarded premiums on them in accordance with the schedule made the remark in their report, that they could not recommend them for general distribution about the country, or words to that effect.

On that point we take issue with them. We are willing to accord to the other breeds of cattle, all the merits that belong to them. We have, in times past, bred Durhams, and Herefords, and other breeds. Indeed, we were the first who ever introduced a thorough bred Durham into the State.

These and other breeds have their good qualities and their failings, and we have long since been taught by the lessons of experience, (and some of them were rather dear,) that you cannot get all the properties that you want in a stock of cattle in one hide. That God has made different races of what we call farm stock, and that the art of man has formed from them varieties which we call breeds,—that a farmer must consider what his wants are, and the capacity of his farm is, and choose such races or such breeds as may be best adapted to the circumstances. He may, therefore, cultivate one two or more of these breeds or races.

We have also become convinced from experience, that, in a large part of Maine, the Scotch cattle, such as the Galloways, (those which have no horns, and the West Highlanders which have horns) are the best adapted for raising beef of the very best quality in the world, quickly and cheaply. As yet, none of the West Highlanders have been introduced. Of the Galloways there are a few, and with all due deference to our respected friends of the committee, we shall do what we can to have more of them. Adapt your stock to your wants and your means. We know that the rearing of large stately oxen for the lumber market and other markets is profitable; and we say to those in a condition to do it, and have the taste for it, go on and prosper in the business. But, that the best of these animals make, is the best and most profitable raised, is a mistake. For heavy teams of excellent workers, they are what you want, but the rearing of beef is an object too, and that animal which will afford you the best quality at the least cost is found in the Scotch cattle. We know this from experience with all the breeds, (except Devons and West Highlanders), and our experience is but a corroboration of those who have had or still more experience. This is often expressed on the other side of the water.

The Mark Lane Express, speaking of the late show of the Highland Agricultural Society, at Aberdeen, says that at dinner, Mr. Torr, in some remarks, said—"Whatever you do, don't neglect the native breeds of Scotland. Depend upon it, the nation does not possess more valuable animals than these native breeds." The Express adds—"We fancy he was speaking here to the merits of the polled beasts, but the Highlanders are, in their way and for their purpose, as worthy of proper cultivation."

Mr. Howard, Editor of the Boston Cultivator, who has recently been in Scotland, examining and purchasing cattle there, says, in regard to the above remarks in the Express: "We second these observations, being satisfied from what we saw of these breeds in Scotland, that they are very valuable, and we hope to see some fair trials yet made in America."

If Great Britain does not contain "more valuable animals than these native breeds," we certainly should not despise them.

PLAYING ON A PIANO A THOUSAND MILES OFF.

Wouldn't it be an interesting operation to sit in Augusta and play on a piano in New York or in New Orleans? The improvements of the day enable you to do so,—or, if you please you may play half a dozen pianos at once. Thus you can do what the fabled Bionatus with his hundred hands could not do. The ancients gave the old fellow a hundred hands, but his arms were no longer than those of other folks, while you can extend yours across the Atlantic. We clip the following from the Scientific American:—

A Hungarian named Leon Hamel, has just given a concert in the National Theater, at Pesth, in which he has settled the possibility of several musical instruments being played on simultaneously by the same performer, by means of electricity. Five pianos being placed in view of the audience, and the electric battery being duly disposed in an adjoining room, M. Hamel seated himself at one of the pianos, and connecting them with the one on which he was playing, they were brought into communication with one, and immediately, to the great excitement of the spectators, the keys of the other four pianos were seen to move in exact unison with the one at which the musician was seated, every note being produced simultaneously, and with perfect clearness and precision, by each instrument. It was as though a single instrument of five-fold power, were being played on; and the audience were so enchanted with the success of this most interesting experiment, that their shouts of applause almost drowned the music. The possibility of a performer being heard at once at any and every part of the earth's surface with which he can bring himself into electric rapport, is thus no longer a dream, but is demonstrated as perfectly feasible.

HUNGARIAN AND "BARN GRASS."

Our readers will probably recollect our remarks in regard to the similarity of these two grasses, which we made in a late number of the Farmer.

Our friend Howard, editor of the Boston Cultivator, copied the article and appended the following note to it:—

"We suppose the 'barn grass' alluded to by our contemporary is a species closely allied to the Hungarian grass and sometimes called wild millet. We had specimens of both for some time hanging side by side, and the resemblance was so close that some farmers thought them identical. They are not entirely alike, however, but as our contemporary suggests, the barn grass may be as valuable as its boasted congener. We think the former would be preferred on poor land. But the public will soon understand the facts about this Hungarian grass or millet which has been so extolled by speculators. Emory's Journal (Chicago), in a late number, says:—'We have not failed to get what data we could in our talk with farmers, and from their correspondence relative to the merits and necessities of this annual millet. It requires good corn soil. It is not profitable to sow on poor or light soils. There is no 'after growth' as some have asserted, even if it is out early—never except from seed that has fallen in consequence of standing too long after it is ripe. It must be seeded annually.'"

CORRECT THE BUNDS. Our F. D., or somebody else, made us say things in our last number that we didn't say. For instance, in the direction for the dose of nitric acid we were made to say, "it may be given by diluting nitric acid (equal parts) with water—now equal parts of nitric acid and water poured down an ox, would give him a sore throat at least. It should have been, by diluting nitric acid (Aqua Fortis) with water until it is pleasantly acid, &c. &c."

Again—in our note to friend Aborn's article on culture of grapes, we were made to say, "We know of a vine that is growing on a territory only sixteen feet square. Now that isn't a very small space for a grape vine. We wrote thus—'a territory six feet square.'" That makes quite a difference.

A HINT TO FARMERS. The following paragraph which we clip from an exchange, our readers may consider as coming directly from us, and favor us with some of their thoughts and experiences, forthwith:—

Our agricultural friends, now that the evenings are long, should write out their experiences during the past season, and send them in for publication. They may rest assured that they shall be treated with the utmost liberality consistent with the interest of the general reader.

For the Maine Farmer.

PUMPKINS FOR HORSES, &c.

MR. EDITOR:—I have horses that eat pumpkins as greedily as oxen or any live animals. I wish to know if you or any of your numerous readers know the value of them. Let us hear from you. A SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE. Pumpkins are good for any live stock, but better if directed to their seeds—they being a little too diverse in their action. The seeds will do for hens, turkeys and other poultry, and so will the pumpkin. [Ed.]

HOW TO PRESERVE CIDER.

As this is the season of the year when farmers and others are manufacturing cider, I think you can in no way do a more acceptable service to a numerous class of your readers than by publishing the following method of arresting the vinous and acetic fermentations in this beverage at pleasure, and preserving it permanently sweet and unchanged:—

Put the new cider into clean casks or barrels, and allow it to ferment from one to three weeks, according as the weather is cool or warm. When it has attained to lively fermentation, add to each gallon three-fourths of a pound of white sugar, and let the whole ferment again until it possesses nearly the pleasant taste which it is desirable should be permanent. Pour out a quart of the cider and mix with it one quart of the contents of a sulphate of lime for every gallon of the cider. Stir until it is intimately mixed, and pour the emulsion into the liquid. Agitate the contents of the cask thoroughly for a few moments, then let it rest, that the cider may settle. Fermentation will be arrested at once, and will not be resumed. It may be bottled in the course of a few weeks, or it may be allowed to remain in the cask and used on draft. If bottled, it will become a sparkling cider—better than what is called champagne wine.

Professor Horsford of Cambridge was the first to use the sulphate of lime for this purpose, and to him is due the credit of first calling attention to its usefulness. It is in no respect deleterious, as the sulphate, into which the sulphuric acid is changed by the liberation of sulphurous acid, is entirely insoluble, and remains at the bottom of the vessel.

The writer has cider prepared in this way two years since, which has remained unchanged, and is now a beverage of unsurpassed excellence.—The sulphate of lime, not the sulphuric, must be used. [Boston Journal.]

BARLEY. It is stated that the first barley sown in this country was upon the Island of Martha's Vineyard, in 1622, by a man named Gonold, who introduced this and other varieties of grain from England into Massachusetts. In 1812 barley was sown as a crop in Virginia, and continued to be cultivated there until the settlers found tobacco more remunerative. In 1627, barley was one of the crops grown upon the farms of Manhattan Island—probably where Trinity Church now stands. In 1849, the barley crop of United States was 5,167,000 bushels; and according to the increase of the preceding decade, the crop of 1856 would be over seven millions of bushels. It probably even exceeded this. The grain is nearly all consumed for malting, as the price is too high for feeding to stock.

WHEAT. Scattering old, well-rotted manure over wheat after it has come up, especially on the most exposed knolls and on clay soils, is a great protection against winter killing, and will give the plants an early start in spring.

THE CHINA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

There has not been a finer day this season than Wednesday, October 21st, the day appointed for the first show and fair of this newly organized Society, which has boasted to be little more than a town club for the discussion of Agricultural topics. It made no offers of premiums, it advertised nothing but what belonged legitimately to agriculture and kindred interests, and simply promised to give exhibitors their judgment, in relation to whatever was presented for exhibition. At an early hour, the roads were lined with carriages, and a large concourse of people assembled to witness the novel spectacle. A large amount of stock was entered, and of a very good quality too,—also a fine display of horses. There were several fine bucks.

Several fine traces of Indian Corn received marked attention, more were squashes, pumpkins, beets, turnips, potatoes, &c., wanting to make a display of Nature's products. The paintings on canvas of William Kitchen, were the theme of universal admiration. China has reason to be proud of such an artist, wielding such a pencil with a master hand, more particularly as he is identified with our farming interests, and we earnestly hope that the time is not far distant when more cultivators of the fine arts will be found among the cultivators of the soil.

Miss Cary exhibited some fine pencil drawings, and a beautiful picture frame of fine iron. We also noticed a splendid frame by Miss Plummer. These frames in color and leather work, prove how articles of apparent insignificance, transformed into specimens of ornamental and decorative art.

A bounteous table was spread by the ladies, at which Doctor Brackett presided. The speeches were short, pithy, and interesting, such as after dinner speeches should be, and were received with much applause.

Elis Jones, referring to the history of the town said that 84 years and 6 months ago, the first dinner was eaten in China on the stump of a large pine tree, the first filled in the town. It was eaten by a surveyor called "Black Jones," and two brothers named Clark, our first settlers in China.

After dinner the trial of draft cattle came off, much to the amusement and satisfaction of the spectators. The horses were then trotted out and made very good time. All passed off quietly, and much to the satisfaction of all present.

We forgot to mention a large collection of natural curiosities exhibited by Elis Jones, the display of several quarts of the globe. The display drew a large collection of ladies to examine and question on the various articles of virtue he exposed for exhibition.

Reports of Committees.

HORSES. Best family horse, J. H. Weymouth; 2d, W. Percival. Best farm horse, J. F. Hunsell. Best 4 yrs. old colt, E. Jones; 2d, S. Smith. Best 3 yrs. old colt, H. A. Jenkins; 2d, E. Jones. Best sucking colt, W. Plummer; 2d, A. C. Ward. Best trotting horse, F. Metcalf.

SHEEP. Best merino buck, J. F. Hunsell. Best half-bred merino, and Cotswold buck, same man. Best three-fourths blood merino lamb, same man. Best Egyptian and Southdown buck, M. Pullen. Best Leicester and Merino buck, E. Hall.

SWINE. Best pigs, cross of Newbury Whites and Suffolk, S. E. Perkins. Best pig, Suffolk and Bedford, same man.

POLTER. Best Brama Potatoes, A. H. Jones. Best Boston Greens, E. Jepson.

FRUIT. Best winter apples, J. P. Jones. Best fall apples, E. Bragg. Best sweet apples, A. C. Ward.

VEGETABLES. Best squash, F. W. Harmon. Best beets, same man. Best turnips, same man. Best mangold wurtzel, W. N. Rollins; 2d, C. Hanson. Best kohi rabi, A. Davis, Jr.

PURSE CUP. Best corn, A. C. Ward; 2d, S. Haver; 3d, A. H. Jones. Best potatoes, H. Norton; 2d, E. Bragg; 3d, N. Rollins. Best beans, C. W. Goddard. Best barley, A. C. Ward.

DAIRY CATTLE.

Best, D. Webster; 2d, J. Pratt.

MANUFACTURES. Best baggage wagon, W. Percival. Best express wagon, H. Weymouth. Best Terra de Siana pack, J. Kimball. Best harness, J. Taylor. Best rope, E. Metcalf.

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES. Mrs. E. Brock, and Mrs. S. Clark, 1st prize; 2d, Mary E. Bragg; same for dried rug, 1st, Mrs. E. Bragg; 2d, Mrs. J. M. Estes, table linen, 1st, Mrs. A. Rowe; 2d, Mrs. V. M. Estes, bed quilt, 1st, Mrs. C. Hanson, folded cloth, 1st, Mrs. E. Bragg; wool stockings, 1st, same; silk mitts, 1st, Mrs. T. Stephens, butter, 1st, Margaret A. Jones (ages 10 yrs.), lamp mat, 1st, Miss H. Plummer, same; 2d, same, knit slipper, 1st, same; girdle, 1st.

THE BEST MODE OF DRYING PUMPKINS.

We love pumpkin pies, even when there is an abundance of true fruits, and we shall this year love them all the more because the fruits are scarce. We have tried all modes of drying pumpkins, but no plan is, we think, equal to the one we recommended a year ago and which we have recently tried on a larger scale than hitherto. It is this: Take the ripe pumpkins, pare, out into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates in layers, not quite half an inch thick; dry it down in the stove oven kept at a low temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stewed away in a dry place or they are then always ready for use for pies or sauce. Soak the pieces over night in a little milk, and they will return to a pulp, as delicious as the fresh pumpkin—no think much more so. The quick drying after cooking, prevents any portion from slightly souring, as is always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried; and the flavor is much better preserved. The after cooking is saved, this plan is quite as little trouble as the old mode, to say nothing of its superiority in the quality of material obtained. Try it and you will not return to the old method. We are sure, and you will also become a greater lover of pumpkin pie "the year round," and feel less the loss of the fruit crop.

[Am. Agriculturist.]

THE HUMAN SYSTEM. The human system, in its vital or muscular power, is very analogous to an electric machine. Dampness dispels the force of both, apparently in the same way. Hence the debilitating effect of wet weather, caused principally by excessive perspiration. The quantity of perspiration can be greatly lessened by refraining from unnecessary drinking. Any one can soon school himself to the requirement of several times less of liquid than he is usually accustomed to drink, by taking only a small quantity at once, and repeating it only as often as thirst is felt. [The Pen and Lever.]

FARM CISTERNS.

We copy the following valuable article from the Country Gentleman. We say valuable—and it will prove so to every farmer or gardener who has a short supply of water, and contemplates providing more through the aid of a cistern. The article should indeed be preserved for future reference.

Our readers have heard of the man who was from year to year annoyed with a leaky roof—because when the weather was fair it did not need repairing, and when raining, he could not mend it. In the same way, some farmers neglect to make provision for watering domestic animals, until drought actually arrives, and then they cannot. We will know one, who, during the present dry weather, drives his cattle a mile to water, at the same time that he has roof enough on his large barn to give them all the drink they need, if a cistern of proper capacity had been prepared to retain it. The barn cost a thousand dollars; the cistern might be built for fifty—yet every animal of his large herd has to travel miles each week for necessary drink. He might construct a cistern now, but it will be another year before he can derive benefit from it, and so he puts off the labor.

His barn is about 35 by 70 feet—if three feet of rain falls annually, three cubic feet of water will be afforded by every square foot of surface—more than 7000 cubic feet from the whole roof, which would be about 1700 barrels. This would be enough to water daily, the year through, (each animal drinking each day four twelve-gallon pails), thirteen head of cattle; but if this water were reserved for the dry season only, or when small streams are dry, thirty or forty head might be watered from the roof.

Every man, almost, makes his cistern too small, and often they do not hold a tenth part of the discharges at the eaves. In the above-mentioned instance, it would not be necessary to construct one large enough to hold the entire 1700 barrels. If the cattle were watered from it year round, and its contents thus constantly drawn as it fills, one large enough to hold 400 barrels would do; but if used for the dry season only, it should be more than double. A cistern 14 feet in diameter and 12 feet deep, would hold about 400 barrels—20 feet in diameter, and the same depth, would be sufficient for 800 barrels. If built under ground, and connected towards the top, it would require to be a little larger in dimensions, to allow for the contracted space. Such a construction would be absolutely necessary to admit of convenient and safe covering at the top, and could be effected without any difficulty if built of masonry. An ignorant stone-mason whom we once employed to construct a small cistern of this character, stoutly refused to construct the walls, asserting positively that they would immediately tumble in if thus made to hold, apparently knowing nothing of the security of the arch, which this would possess on every side. The pressure of the water outward, would be counterbalanced by the pressure of the earth against the exterior, especially if well rammed in as the wall is built.

Now, at the present time, while the inconvenience of an ample supply of water is felt, and while there will be no annoyance from the streams which at other times come through the earth into the excavations made for cisterns, every efficient farmer should take hold of the business, and construct such as may be desirable. There are some portions of the country where the subsoil is underlain by slate or other rock which may be excavated. In such cases, it sometimes happens that with a little care in cutting, the water-time mortar may be immediately applied to the rocky walls, a shoulder above being made on which to build the contracted part only.

The following table, of the size and contents of cisterns, may be convenient to those about to build them. For each foot of depth, the number of barrels answering to the different diameters, are as follows:

For 5 feet in diameter,	4.66 bbls.
6 do. do.	6.71 do.
7 do. do.	9.13 do.
8 do. do.	11.92 do.
9 do. do.	15.10 do.
10 do. do.	18.65 do.

The contents are doubled by increasing the diameter from 10 feet to about 14 feet, and quadrupled if 20 feet in diameter.

THE GREAT CHARLESTOWN CHIMNEY. The mammoth chimney in the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Mass., is the highest structure at the kind in the world. Its height above ground is two hundred and thirty-nine feet, one and one half inches, and from the bottom of the foundation two hundred and fifty-six feet and six inches. At the surface of the ground the base is twenty-four and one half feet square, and the foundation at the bottom seventeen and one half feet below, is thirty-two feet square. The flue is round, and seven feet in diameter. The general plan of the structure is a square, of thirteen feet and two inches, supported by twelve diminishing buttresses, which terminate at one hundred and eighty feet above the ground. Above these buttresses the chimney is a square, with a panel on each face. The whole is finished with dentil cornices, the crown molding of which is cast iron, and weighs upward of three tons. In the construction of this chimney the number of bricks used was one million and fifty thousand. The building was commenced on the 20th of May last, and the last brick was laid on Oct. 7, after which the workmen and invited guests, to the number of about fifty in all, took dinner on the summit. The view from the top is magnificent, rather better than from Bunker Hill Monument. Directly downward from the summit, from the ascending or descending tub, it is decidedly overpowering to men of weak nerves, especially when one has to hold his hat with both hands to keep it on. A look down the flue proved equally suggestive.

VALUE OF A DAY OF SUNSHINE. One of our readers, fond of profound investigation, took pains on the last hot day to study the census reports of agricultural productions, and to calculate therefrom the value to the country of each warm growing day between seed-time and harvest. He found it above \$18,000,000—and this is a low estimate. [Lowell News.]

HARVEST HYMN.

The sheaves are bound, and standing
Like an army in array;
The reapers wipe their foreheads,
Their toil complete to-day.
It only now remaineth
The threshing floor to spread;
And he who formed this creature,
Has given to them bread.

Who passes through a corn-field,
And plucks a single ear,
That seeks not love and wisdom
Manifested there?
May we be truly thankful
For earthly manna given,
And ardently solicitous
To gain the bread of Heaven.
[L. M. Thornton.]

KEEP THE STABLE FLOORS CLEAN.

We know drivers people who take some pride in their horses and cattle, but are inveterate slovens in their stables. Their racks and managers are so made that half the hay they give their stock is wasted under their feet. They don't clean their stables but once a week or fortnight.

We have, indeed, seen stables, where valuable animals were kept, not cleaned out during the winter, and the heels of the poor beast stood a foot higher than their fore feet in the latter part of the season. We once hired a barn—a nice newly built barn—of a man for the winter, and when we went to put our stock into it, found that the horse stable was more than two feet above the ground, and the poor beast had to leap that to get into it, and fall down or make a leap every time they went out of it; and also, that full eighteen inches of solid horse dung had to be thrown out, taking a man half a day to do it before we could use it; besides repairing the entrance by a bridge that they could walk in and out upon. We scolded the owner soundly for laziness—it was nothing else—and he only answered that "he hadn't time to clean it." And yet we saw what harm it did the horses! And yet when we came to settle with him in the spring, he wanted some dollars extra because we used a part of his barn floor to mix cut feed upon, on the plea that in wetting it for mixing, it rotted the floor during the winter! His half a dozen loads of horse dung, setting and fermenting through a long hot summer, didn't rot the stable floor.

A stable where stock is kept should be cleaned out once a day, at least, and twice if the animals stand in it day and night. In our stable practice, we clean the stable twice a day and shake up the bedding, let the weather be as it will.—On the floors of our calf and sheep stables we scatter dry litter, and when thoroughly soiled and saturated, we clean it out and supply its place with fresh. The ammonia arising from the state of stock in the stables becomes, in a very short time, very offensive to them, as it is to ourselves. It penetrates their lungs and gives them disease. Its pungency affects their eyes, making them sore and irritable, and is a positive injury, to say nothing of the slovenliness of leaving the stables unclean. Cleanliness, indeed, is as necessary to beast as to man. No creature can thrive when fouled and besmeared with ordure.

Where horses (not mares) and oxen stand regularly, horses should be bored through the floor to let their stale run through on to muck below, or into a trench by which it may pass off and be saved. Otherwise, it remains under them to make them uncomfortable when they lie down, and they have bedding enough to fully absorb it, which is not always convenient. Our own plan of stable flooring is to raise that part on which the animals stand two inches—the thickness of the plank—above the passage behind, and sloping from the foot of the manger back, to give a fall of one or two inches in the distance of six or seven feet of floor on which they stand, to admit the stale to pass off readily, as well as to let the droppings on to the lower level behind them.

STEAM CARRIAGE IN LONDON.

On Thursday, July 29, 1885, an experiment was made on the Westminster road, and witnessed by thousands of spectators, who seemed much interested and astonished on seeing a steam-engine traversing the streets of London. The machine was steered by a person who stood in front, and handled a wheel about the size and appearance of those used on our river steamboats, but made of metal. Two other men were at the end of the engine, one assisting as steersman, and his companion assisting at a kind of brake when it was necessary to turn. This was all the manual aid required for its progress. Attached was a trunk or platform on wheels loaded with packages of several tons weight. It proceeded from the manufactory of Maudsley & Field, along the Westminster Bridge, to their wharf, along the Westminster Bridge, and here it was guided round with the utmost ease, and without a moment's delay. The engine is the invention of a Mr. Bray, who has obtained a patent. It is adapted to travel up hill or down, and its speed may be increased at pleasure. On this occasion it went through the throng of carriages and people at a walking pace, and it was several times stopped and then got in motion, showing it to be perfectly safe and easy of control.

The extent to which this new application of steam power may be made available, cannot at present be determined; but in the case of the engineers who have matured its construction, its use has been partially demonstrated. Those immense masses of iron-work produced at the works of Maudsley & Field, gigantic boilers and other machinery, weighing many tons, when removed, had to be drawn by five, twelve, and sometimes sixteen horses. Now here is a motive power occupying no more room than a van, or an omnibus, performing the same work with an economy of space most desirable in crowded thoroughfares, and doubtless with a great saving.

The time may soon arrive when this invention may be used for carrying passengers, in the streets, for drawing heavy laden carts or wagons, on the highway, or dragging ploughs in the field, or for performing other necessary and important services which no animal force could accomplish. [London Illustrated News.]

WEST PENOBSCOT AG. SOCIETY.

AWARDS OF PREMIUMS.

At the Fourth Annual Cattle Show and Fair, of this Society, held at Exeter, on the 28th and 29th of September, 1885, the following awards were made:—

HORSES. Stallions, 1st prem., N. B. Pease, Exeter, 85; 2d, G. A. Belding, 4; 3d, W. L. F. Walker, 3; 4th, C. Proctor, Gorham, 2.
Breeding mares with foal by her side, 1st, H. Farmer, Exeter, 25; 2d, J. D. Tilton, Gorham, 17; 3d, L. A. Davis, Exeter, 10; 4th, W. Edly, Gorham, 12; 5th, D. H. Howard, Exeter, 1.
Colts 4 yrs. old, 1st, A. S. Stevens, Exeter, 17; 2d, J. S. Griffin, Exeter, 15; 3d, S. A. Maxwell, Exeter, 12; 4th, S. W. Drew, Gorham, 1. N. & D. Baker, Exeter, 2d Annual Report on Agriculture.
Colts 2 yrs. old, 1st, W. H. Hodson, Exeter, 15; 2d, N. C. Trim, Gorham, 12; 3d, A. G. Tibbets, Exeter, 1.
Colts 2 yrs. old, 1st, F. Brown, Exeter, 15; 2d, G. A. Belding, Exeter, 12; 3d, T. W. Dore, Gorham, 1. Yearling colts, 1st, W. O. Colburn, Exeter, 12; 2d, C. Burgess, Gorham, 1; 3d, S. W. Knight, Gorham, 1. Fair Team Horses, 1st, N. E. Brown, Exeter, 2. L. Knowles, Gorham, 2d Annual Report on Agriculture.
Carriage horses, 1st, L. H. Rollins, Gorham, 2; 2d, E. Wentworth, Gorham, 1; 3d, B. Ball, Gorham, 1; 4th, G. A. Belding, Exeter, 1; 5th, E. T. Canney, Exeter, 2d Annual Report on Agriculture.

CATTLE. Full blood Devon bull, 2 yrs. old, 1st, M. Bicknell, Gorham, 85; gratuity, L. E. Fobley, Gorham, 2. Same, 1 yr. old, 1st, J. Chandler, Gorham, 3. Same, half bull, 1st, M. Bicknell, Gorham, 2; 2d, G. Cochran, Gorham, 1; 3d, P. M. Butters, Exeter, 1. Full blood Durham bull, 1 yr. old, 1st, I. W. Case, Kenduskeag, 3; 2d, M. Bicknell, Gorham, 2d Annual Report on Agriculture.
Same, half bull, 1st, I. W. Case, Kenduskeag, 2. Same, half bull, 1st, G. S. Hill, Exeter, 2; 2d, H. Farmer, Exeter, 1; 3d, T. H. Norcross, Gorham, 1. Same, 1 yr. old, 1st, D. Goodwin, Gorham, 2d Annual Report on Agriculture; 2d, F. Brown, Exeter, 1. Grade Durham bull calf, 1st, N. E. Brown, Exeter, 12; 2d, L. H. Norcross, Gorham, 1; 3d, L. Case, Kenduskeag, 1.
Town team 5 yokes, over 5 yrs. old, 1st, E. Wentworth, Gorham, 4; 2d, S. W. Knight, Gorham, 2. A. H. Carter, Exeter, 1; 3d, A. B. Stevens, Exeter, 1; 4th, A. G. Shaw, 12.

SWINE. Pair 4 yrs. old, 1st, E. Rollins, Gorham, 2; 2d, J. W. Otis, Gorham, 17; 3d, A. G. Tibbets, 12. Pair 3 yrs. old steers, 1st, S. D. Jennings, Gorham, 17; 2d, E. Rollins, Gorham, 15; 3d, J. C. Lawrence, Gorham, 12; 4th, N. Oake, Exeter, 1. Pair 2 yrs. old steers, 1st, H. Gray, Gorham, 17; 2d, T. L. Heath, Kenduskeag, 15; 3d, J. W. Otis, Gorham, 12; 4th, D. Goodwin, Gorham, 1. Pair yearling steers, 1st, I. W. Case, Kenduskeag, 12; 2d, S. Oake, Exeter, 10; 3d, L. Colburn, 12; 4th, S. Edly, Gorham, 1.

Full blood Durham cow, 1st, I. W. Case, Kenduskeag, 17. Stock cow, 1st, J. W. Otis, Gorham, 17; 2d, same man, 15; 3d, L. Barker, Gorham, 12. 2d, T. H. Norcross, Gorham, 1; 3d, D. Goodwin, Gorham, 1. Heifer 3 yrs. old, 1st, L. Colburn, Exeter, 15; 2d, C. Cochran, Gorham, 12; 3d, W. Grinnell, Exeter, 1. Heifer 2 yrs. old, 1st, L. H. Norcross, Gorham, 15; 2d, L. Colburn, Exeter, 12; 3d, W. Grinnell, Exeter, 1. Full blood Durham heifer, 1 yr. old, 1st, I. W. Case, Kenduskeag, 12.

Full blood Devon heifer, 2 yrs. old, 1st, M. Bicknell, Gorham, 15; 2d, same man, 12; 3d, G. Cochran, 1. Yearling heifer, 1st, S. D. Jennings, Gorham, 12; 2d, E. C. Tibbets, Exeter, 1; 3d, T. H. Norcross, Gorham, 1. Heifer calves, 2d, T. H. Norcross, Gorham, 12; 3d, same man, 10.

Swine. Buck, 1st, M. Bicknell, Gorham, 25; 2d, S. Tilton, Gorham, 2; 3d, L. Avery, Exeter, 15. Ewes, 4 in number, 1st, S. Tilton, Gorham, 3; 2d, L. Carroll, Gorham, 1. Ewe lambs, 6 in number, 1st, C. Tobie, Gorham, 2; 2d, S. Tilton, Gorham, 15.

Wool. Ewes in number, 2 yrs. old, 1st, T. H. Norcross, Gorham, 4.

The Muse.

From Harper's Magazine.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

With heavy head bent on her yielding head,
And half-closed eyes, bathed in a fevered light—
With restless lip, and most unquiet eye,
A maiden sits, and looks out on the night.
The darkness presses close against the pane,
And silence lies on the elm-tree roof.

Through whose white branches steals the white-faced moon
In fitful gleams, as though 'twere over bold.
She hears the wind upon the pavement fall,
And lifts her head, as if to listen there;

Then warily she looks against the pane,
Or folds more close the ripples of her hair;
She sings unto herself an idle strain,
And through its music all its thoughts are seen;

For all the burden of the song she sings
Is, "O my God! it might have been!"
Alas! that words like these should have the power
To crash the roses of her early youth—

That on her altar of remembrance e'er
Some hope, dismantled of its love and truth—
That laid the shadow of her memory here,
Some grave, moon-covered, where she loves to lean,
And sadly sings unto the form that
"It might have been—O God! it might have been!"

We all have in our hearts some hidden place—
Some secret chamber where a cold core lies—
The drapery of whose pale glow we dress near,
Each day, beneath the pale glow of its eyes;
We go from its still presence to the sun,
And follow close our thoughts of love and hate,

And strive to still the throbbing of our hearts
With words of love, "O God! it might have been!"
We mourn in secret of our buried love,
In the far past, whose love we do not return,
And strive to find among its ashes gray
Some lingering spark that yet may live and burn;

And when we see the vainness of our task,
We flee away from the hopeless scene,
And follow close our thoughts of love and hate,
And cry to the winds, "O God! it might have been!"
Where'er we go, in sunlight or in shade,
We mourn some joy which once the heart has missed—

Some hope we touched in days long since gone by,
Some lips whose freshness and first dew we kissed;
We shut out from our eyes the happy light
Of sun-beams dancing on the hill-side green,
And, like the maiden, open to the night,
We cry, like her, "O God! it might have been!"

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Much has been written about woman's love, but we doubt if that "glory of a woman" was ever so forcibly expressed in a few words as in the following stanza, which we take from an English paper:

Come from your long, long loving,
On the sea and land and rough,
Come to me tender and loving,
And I shall be blent enough.

Of men though you be unloving,
Though priggish be unable to share,
I'll pay till I weary all alive,
If only you come back here.

Where your sails have been unfurling,
What winds have blown on your brow,
I know not, and ask not my darling,
So that you come to me now.

Sorrowful, sinful and lonely,
Poor and despoiled though you be,
All are nothing, if only
You turn from the tempter to me.

The Story Teller.

From Peterson's National Magazine.

SQUIRE HOLMAN'S WOOING.

BY MARY W. JANVIER.

CHAPTER I.

"Squire, I wonder you never got married." The words rang in the old squire's ears long after his neighbor, Deacon Towers, who had a habit of dropping in often to spend a social evening, had spoken them, had said, "Good night!" and walked down the gravelled avenue leading to the highway, leaving the old squire sitting by his fire-side in profound thought.

I say "Old Squire," because everybody in Dintford called him so; and yet he was a fine-looking, dignified man, still on the sunny side of fifty, with but few grey threads in his still luxuriant hair. Reader mine, mayhap, with myself, you have met some persons in this world who never seem to have any accredited youth—maiden, dubbed "old maids," because of their "primes" or "shyness," long before they are "old bachelors" ere their prime, perhaps because of the staid, sober gravity of their demeanor, or, as is often the case, because they were in their youth gullible and open to the very fertile seed whose harvest is denominated "old maid."

Of this latter class was Squire Holman—for his youth had been pure, kind-hearted, generous, his middle age of a similar character; and now, when going on towards his fifties, everybody voted him a good, old-fashioned gentleman—a very much appreciated "fixture" in the society of his native Dintford.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

Thirty summers over her head, and yet no lover had ever knelt to Miriam Graves! Somehow she had escaped that usual accredited "lot" of women. Among all the match-making couples of Dintford, the "sowing circles," and "quiltings," and "fairs," where gossiping spinners met "do congregate," she had not been held up as a target; even as the squire had been set down as a bachelor, for whom affairs de coeur were supposed not to exist, so Miss Miriam's remained intact—

for nobody seemed to imagine that under the somewhat shy, silent exterior of the girl going about her daily house-wifely duties, and ministering so noiselessly, but effectually to the happiness of those around her, lay a strong, earnest nature, and heart capable of great love and devotion.

Thus, had any one in Dintford connected Miriam's name with matrimonial speculations, few believers would have been found. True, some knowing her worth, had said, "I wonder the squire don't marry her!"—but others replied, "Why, they've been just like brother and sister all their days! Miriam's a good girl—but then—well, I guess the squire ain't a marrying man!" which "guess" the seemingly fixed bachelorhood of the squire helped to confirm.

And now the squire sat there, where Deacon Towers had left him—his slippers set on the warm fender, and his head on the back of his comfortable arm-chair, thinking over what the deacon had said—"Squire, I wonder you never got married!"

And as he thought, and thought it over, it gradually became a matter of wonder to himself too—sitting there alone with no company save the great grey cat purring on the hearth-rug at his feet, for Miriam had gone up to her chamber, her early in the evening with a headache.

"There was Richard Allbury, my chum in college," soliloquized the squire, "married now, and his son in college—James Derby, a pretty country doctor with a growing family and practice—Tim Halliday, poor Tim! he died and left a scanty income to his wife and children—well, they were all at old Harvard with me—married young—and now—how time flies! Over twenty-five years gone then! why, it seems but yesterday since I got my degree and came home to open an office here in Dintford. How consequential I felt when I gained my first degree!"

It was a second Daniel Webster! Let me see—twenty-six years ago, and mother had just adopted Miriam—blow my soul! Miriam thirty years old, and I am going on to fifty! Ah, well, time and tide wait for no man—though the thought never struck me before that I'm getting old. I don't know but Deacon Towers was right in wondering why I never got married—I can look back on all my young mates, and they're all old and grey family men now. I really begin to believe I ought to be married—hey, puss?"

Just interrogatory, by way of conclusion to the squire's soliloquy, the grey cat addressed rose and purring audibly, put up her back against her master's hand, dropped over the arm of his chair.

"Yes, puss, I believe I ought to be married—but whom to get to marry me, is the next question. There's Halliday's widow—poor Tim!—and the six children, with hardly as many hundreds to support 'em—well, Mrs. Halliday is a good-looking woman still, and I always spend pleasant evenings when I go there—but the six Hallidays, and here the squire glanced at his orderly apartment—"No, I couldn't care for it! For I've noticed, and she's a little thing, the image of his father—and how could I see my father's edition of Blackstone turned into a baby-house? Besides, when Miriam has her headaches—no, no, that won't do!" and an emphatic shake of his head dismissed Mrs. Tim Halliday and her children six! In which decision the grey cat seemed to concur, for she expressed her satisfaction by a very long purring.

"Let me see—there's the widow Smith," again went on the squire, while Tabby opened her eyes and sprang to his knee, "the widow Dorcas Smith—attends church constantly—gives liberally to the foreign Missions—but then they do that peaked nose of her's isn't for nothing, and Smith led a sorry life of it—no, not the widow Smith, puss?" and he brought down his hand emphatically, on the arm of his chair.

"There's Anna Bradley," he continued, getting interested. "Dr. Ames' wife's niece—good figure, sparkling eyes, and pretty ankle, (why Squire Holman, who'd ever have imagined you'd be an eye for a woman's ankle?) but she's too gay and giddy—Miriam'd go crazy with her airs and flounces and furbelows, and his house full of company—no, this I know, by Coker! no woman ever comes into this house to queen it over my lady, with but few grey threads in his still luxuriant hair. Reader mine, mayhap, with myself, you have met some persons in this world who never seem to have any accredited youth—maiden, dubbed "old maids," because of their "primes" or "shyness," long before they are "old bachelors" ere their prime, perhaps because of the staid, sober gravity of their demeanor, or, as is often the case, because they were in their youth gullible and open to the very fertile seed whose harvest is denominated "old maid."

Of this latter class was Squire Holman—for his youth had been pure, kind-hearted, generous, his middle age of a similar character; and now, when going on towards his fifties, everybody voted him a good, old-fashioned gentleman—a very much appreciated "fixture" in the society of his native Dintford.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

on the first day of her arrival, purposely "to make her market."

"Good, cousin!" said the worthy deacon, whose sobriety of demeanor, Mr. Ames sorry to say, did not always comport with his title, "we have the very man for you in Dintford—Squire Holman—nifty fifty yet, fine house, funded property, and no incoherence but a sort of old maid adopted sister, Miriam Graves—but she'd be easily got rid of. We must ask the squire over, and make the match. What do you think, wife?"

To which arrangement "wife" eagerly assented, and an early evening was named; while the smiling widow smoothed the folds of her lavender-colored merino, and gracefully listened to a recital of the squire's virtues and—property.

When he reached home, the squire said, "Miriam, Deacon Towers' wife has invited us over to spend the evening?" (the good squire forgot that Deacon Towers also forgot (?) to include her in the arrangement; "how is it, can you go, Miriam?"

"I had promised to sit up with Mrs. Bond's sick child to-night, for it is very sick, William," (Miriam always called the Squire "William," like a good brother as he was; "but you go over, and tell Mrs. Towers I am much obliged, but will come in soon—some other evening,"

was her reply, passing him his cup of fragrant Hyslop. "I saw the stage stop there a day or two ago—and thought likely it brought them company. Oh, did you get the case for the widow Drew, William?"

"Yes, Miriam. Thank heaven! Silas Drew found out that the law brought him. How contemptibly mean—how devoid of human compassion—must be the scoundrel who would rob his own brother's wife and children of the home—stead—the roof that covers them! Why, Miriam, he had brought up claims enough to have covered the whole property; but his villainy was unmasked, and he is utterly defeated. This affair will wind up the old miser's career in Dintford. Miriam, I'd work a thousand times harder than I have for a month past, rather than that scamp should triumph! I declare, Miriam, 'twould have brought the tears to your eyes could you have witnessed the gratitude Mrs. John Drew evinced when I communicated to her the decision of the court this afternoon!"

"Just like him—always doing good—always taking the part of the poor and down-trodden!" said Miriam, as the grey cat closed behind him on his way to Deacon Towers'.

Well, the trap was set—the bait "look"—and Squire Holman was caught.

Yes, ere that first evening was over, irrevocably, beyond the shadow of a doubt, was the next large-hearted, unassuming country squire, the victim of the showy, dandy, sweet-toothed, fascinating city widow, Mrs. Ellis.

It was surprising how rapidly the acquaintance progressed that evening ere the clock struck eleven, and he took a lingering, reluctant leave, remarking to the deacon on "the shortness of the evening;" (for the good squire quite forgot that it was November, and they were growing longer,) while hardly had his footsteps died along the front yard walk, ere, with a triumphant smile, the deacon turned to his guest, saying, "I told you so, cousin Miriam!" and the lively widow, feigning a sudden attack of girlish bashfulness, got up a counterfeit blush, and laughingly retreated to her room.

But fact was, that the lure was successful; and the Squire went home, to forget his customary chat with pussy at the fireside, but, instead, to linger before his glass—to resolve to purchase a bottle of Bogle's Hyemion on the morrow—and then went to bed to dream of law cases innumerable, in all of which actions were sustained, "Drew versus Ellis," which winding Court sentencing his enemy, old Silas Drew, to marry the beautiful black-eyed widow.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Miriam, they do say that the squire is partly cousin, that city widdie a visitin' Mrs. Deacon Towers!" said old aunt Susy Bean, settling herself in the arm-chair at the sitting-room window, and drawing forth her knitting work from her huge black silk work-bag. "I s'pose you've come into this house to queen it over my lady, with but few grey threads in his still luxuriant hair. Reader mine, mayhap, with myself, you have met some persons in this world who never seem to have any accredited youth—maiden, dubbed "old maids," because of their "primes" or "shyness," long before they are "old bachelors" ere their prime, perhaps because of the staid, sober gravity of their demeanor, or, as is often the case, because they were in their youth gullible and open to the very fertile seed whose harvest is denominated "old maid."

Of this latter class was Squire Holman—for his youth had been pure, kind-hearted, generous, his middle age of a similar character; and now, when going on towards his fifties, everybody voted him a good, old-fashioned gentleman—a very much appreciated "fixture" in the society of his native Dintford.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "administered" upon, as of receiving a cent from Miriam—so it was settled that she should still keep her home like a sister; and when the old mother was laid to her rest, her arm-chair still stood in its old place by the window, her glasses still lay as she had left them on the opened, large print Bible, and Miriam carefully kept in "the press" of her chamber, the most black silk dress the old lady used to wear; and summers and winters passed over the Holman mansion—and William, "the Squire," grew to be a little grey—and Miriam, never a strong girl, still delicate and pale, glided on to her thirtieth birthday.

It was a cheery apartment the squire was left sitting in, in that chilly October evening, with his glowing fire, the handsome carpets of rich, warm colors, the massive book-case, a round table covered with papers and magazines, one or two easy-chairs for the Squire's lounging, and a little work-table with its basket of sewing, and a stand of plants near the window—betraying notwithstanding the Squire's bachelorhood, some feminine presence.

Miriam Graves—plain, delicate, yet refined Miriam Graves—was an orphan child of four summers when Squire Holman's mother gave her a home and cherished care; and it was about that time that William, the Squire's only son, came from college and opened his law office in the village; and most faithfully filling the place of an adopted daughter, did the girl watch over her kind benefactors, and shed tears of sorrow upon her coffin when she died. Miriam had a little property in her own right—a few hundred dollars left by her father, which was also secured by a similar bequest from good old Mr. Holman; but the squire who was a middle-aged lawyer of considerable renown at his mother's death, would as soon have thought of appropriating to his own use the scanty portion of those widows and orphans whose estates he "